

Johnsonian interest

The BASTARD.

Reb: A Hastings

P O E M.

By Mr. **RICHARD SAVAGE.**

J. BASTARD.

P. O. F. M.

BY MR. RICHARD TUNNICE.

T H E
BASTARD.
A
P O E M,

Inscribed with all due Reverence to

Mrs. *BRET*, once Countess of
MACCLESFIELD.

By *RICHARD SAVAGE*, Son of
the late Earl *RIVERS*.

Decet, hæc dare dona Novercam. QV. MET.

D U B L I N :

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MDCCXLIII.

The P R E F A C E.

TH E Reader will easily perceive these Verses were begun, when my Heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finish'd in Hours of the deepest Melancholy.

I hope the World will do me the Justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real Anger against the Lady to whom it is inscrib'd. Whatever undeserv'd Severities I may have receiv'd at her Hands, would she deal so candidly as to acknowledge Truth, she very well knows, by an Experience of many Years, that I have ever behav'd myself towards her, like one, who thought it his Duty to support with Patience all Afflictions from that Quarter. Indeed if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blush'd to receive Pardon myself at the Hands of my Sovereign.

Neither to say Truth, were the manner of my Birth All, should I have any Reason for complaint---when I am a little disposed to a gay turn of Thinking, I consider, as I was a De-relict from my Cradle, I have the Honour of a lawful Claim to the best Protection in Europe. For
being

The P R E F A C E.

being a Spot of Earth, to which no body pretends a Title, I devolve naturally upon the KING, as one of the Rights of his Royalty.

While I presume to name his MAJESTY, I look back, with Confusion, upon the Mercy I have lately experienc'd, because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future Peace, and Alleviation of my past Misfortune.

I owe my Life to the Royal Pity, If a Wretch can, with Propriety, be said to live, whose Days are fewer than his Sorrows, and to whom Death had been but a Redemption from Misery.

But I will suffer my Pardon as my Punishment, 'till that Life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his Service, to whom it was forfeited.

Under Influence of these Sentiments, with which his MAJESTY's great Goodness has inspired me, I consider my Loss of Fortune, and Dignity, as my Happiness; to which, as I was born without Ambition, I am thrown from them without repining.----Possessing those Advantages, my Care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy Life; by the Want of them I am taught this noble Lesson, to study how to deserve it.

R. Savage.

The BASTARD,

A
P O E M.

IN gayer Hours, when high my Fancy
run,

The Muse, exulting, thus her Lay be-
gun.

BLEST be the Bastard's Birth! thro' won-
d'rous Ways,

He shines excentric like a Comet's Blaze!

No sickly Fruit of faint Compliance He!

He! stamp'd in Nature's Mint of Extacy!

He

He lives to build, not boast a generous Race ;
 No tenth Transmitter of a foolish Face.
 His daring Hope, no Sire's Example bounds ;
 His first-born Lights no Prejudice con-
 founds.
 He kindling from within, requires no Flame ;
 He glories in a *Bastard's* glowing Name.

BORN to himself, by no Possession led,
 In Freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed ;
 Nor Guides, nor Rules, his sov'reign Choice
 controul,

His Body independent, as his Soul.
 Loos'd to the World's wide Range, ---- en-
 joyn'd no Aim ;
 Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name ;
 Nature's unbounded Son, he stands alone,
 His Heart unbyass'd, and his Mind his own.

O *Mother*, yet *no Mother* ! --- 'tis to you,
 My Thanks for such distinguish'd Claims
 are due.

You,

You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow Laws,
 Warm Championess for Freedom's sacred
 Cause,

From all the dry Devoirs of Blood and Line,
 From Ties maternal, moral and divine,
 Discharg'd my grasping Soul ; push'd me
 from Shore,

And launch'd me into Life without an Oar.

WHAT had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,
 Untaught the matrimonial Bounds to slight,
 And coldly conscious of a Husband's Right,
 You had faint-drawn me with a Form alone,
 A lawful Lump of Life by Force your own !
 Then, while your backward Will retrench'd
 Desire,

And unconcurring Spirits lent no Fire,
 I had been born your dull, domestic Heir ;
 Load of your Life, and Motive of your
 Care ;

B

Perhaps

Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;
 The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State;
 Lordly neglectful of a Worth unknown,
 And slumb'ring in a Seat, by chance my own.

FAR nobler Blessings wait the Bastard's
 Lot;
 Conceiv'd in Rapture, and with Fire begot!
 Strong as Necessity, he starts away,
 Climbs against Wrongs and brightens into
 Day.

THUS unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
 I sung, gay flatt'ring Hope, my Fancy fir'd;
 Inly secure, thro' conscious Scorn of Ill,
 Nor taught by Wisdom, how to ballance
 Will,
 Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no Pits to shun;
 But thought to purpose, and to act were one;
 Heedless what pointed Cares pervert his
 Way,
 Whom Caution arms not, and whom Woes
 betray;

But

But now expos'd and shrinking from distress,
 I flie to Shelter, while the Tempests press;
 My Muse to Grief resigns they varying Tone,
 The Raptures languish, and the Numbers
 groan,

O Memory! ---- thou Soul of Joy and
 Pain!

Thou Actor of our Passions o'er again!
 Why dost thou aggravate the Wretches
 Woe?

Why add continuous Smart to ev'ry Blow?
 Few are my Joys; alas! how soon forgot!
 On that kind Quarter thou invad'st me not,
 While sharp, and numberless my sorrows
 fall;

Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!

Is Chance a Guilt? that my disast'rous
 Heart,

For Mischief never meant, must ever smart?

Can Self-defence be Sin ---- Ah, plead no
more !

What tho' no purpos'd Malice stain'd thee
o'er ?

Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy Side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd---Or Thou
had'st dy'd.

FAR be the Guilt of home-fled Blood
from All,

On whom unfought, embroiling Dangers
fall !

Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me,
To me ! thro' *Pity's* Eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his Rage, but swells his
Fate ;

Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too
late.

Young, and unthoughtful then ; who knows
one Day,

What ripening Vertues might have made
their Way !

He

He might have liv'd, till Folly dy'd in
Shame,

Till kindling Wisdom felt a Thirst for
Fame.

He might perhaps his Country's Friend have
prov'd ;

Been happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.

He might have sav'd some Worth, now
doom'd to fall ;

And I, perchance in him, have murder'd
all.

O Fate of late Repentance ! always vain :

Thy Remedies but lull undying Pain.

Where shall my Hope find rest ? --- No
Mother's Care,

Shielded my Infant Innocence with Prayer :

No Father's Guardian Hand my Youth
maintain'd,

Call'd from my Vertues, or from Vice
restrain'd,

Is it not time to snatch some pow'rful Arm;
First to advance, then screen from future
Harm?

Am I return'd from Death, to live in Pain?
Or wou'd *Imperial Pity* save in vain?

Distrust it not ----- What blame can *Mercy*
find,

Which gives at once a Life, and rears a
Mind?

MOTHER, miscall'd, Farewel --- of Soul
severe,

This sad Reflection yet may force one Tear:

All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,

Alone from Strangers ev'ry Comfort flow'd!

Lost to the Life you gave, your Son no
more,

And now adopted, who was doom'd before,

New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim;

But dare not whisper her immortal Name?

Supremely

(15)

Supremely Lovely, and serenely Great!
Majestick Mother of a kneeling State!
QUEEN of a People's Hearts, who ne'er
before,
Agreed,--Yet now withonē Consent adore!
One Contest yet remains in this Desire,
Who most shall give Applause, where all
admire.

F I N I S.

Φ LIZL
Brick Row
1946

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